

New-York Weekly Museum.

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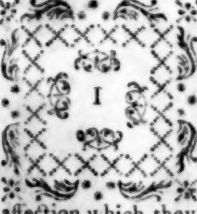
Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.

A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

The RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

[A Moral Tale.]

 IN the year 1715, Mr. J—— made a very brilliant appearance at Tunbridge: he had been married about 2 years to a young lady of great beauty, and a large fortune: they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart: he began, by degrees, to bet at the tables for trifling sums; and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain: he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She consulted his brother, who, at that time, was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there unalterably fixed: It was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously to take measure to prevent the pursuit's being fatal.

Accordingly every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard-tables. He understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious: he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, on this occasion, was inexpressible: he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against gaming. H—— was, at last, furious with the continuance of ill-success, and, pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company was silent. He demanded fifty: still no answer. He sunk to forty, thirty, twenty. Finding the company still silent, he cried out by G—— it should never go for less, and dashed it against the floor, attempting, at the same time, to dash his brains out against the marble chimney piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company: they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion. When he became cool again, he was

permitted to return home with fullen discontent, to his wife.

Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes.

"My dear Gemmy," said she, "you don't know, perhaps, the news I have to tell; my mama's old uncle is dead; the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you."

This account seemed only to increase his agony. Looking angrily at her, he cried, "There you are grossly mistaken, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me."

"I beg your pardon," replied she, "I really thought it was; you have always told me so."

"No," answered he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it to day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard-table."

"What all?" said she.

"Yes every farthing—and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to-day."

Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room.

When Mrs. H—— had a little enjoyed his perplexity, she addressed him in the following manner—"You have lost but a trifle, my dear, and you owe nothing. Our brother and I have taken care to prevent the fatal effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune. We employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me: your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken: I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future."

Her prudence had the proper effect: he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sum, even for amusement.

NOTES FOR the USE of a LAWYER.

CONSCIENCE must not be admitted on any account into the inventory of the qualifications necessary for rising to the summit of your profession. But a volubility of tongue, supported by an intrepid front, will most assuredly carry you great lengths—for the vile client, who knows in his heart he has a bad cause to maintain, will employ you against a meek and virtuous adversary, as a proper person to brow-beat and confound baffled evidences, especially if they are women; in which case, assurance will be your best plea.

Sound the depth of your client's purse, and proportion your art of nursing a law-suit to his capacity to support repetitions of fees.

Whatever becomes of the substance of justice, confine your attention most religiously to its terms; which you must carefully defend at all events, or to the violation of all precedent—the greatest

wrongs—will want legal sanction, and half the business of court be destroyed.

Always prefer the side on which the wrong lies—it is generally the most lucrative—if nature should unhappily have given you a bias to the rule of right—you must, on this account, shake off its weakness, and unmanacle your mind from the fetters of a virtuous education, if perchance you have had it—though that is ten to one, if you have made your progress from a fashionable boarding-school, and from thence to our universities.

What you want from nature in a genius for lying, take care to supply by art—but especially take care to find a handsome apology for giving your opinion on one side, and being retained on the other—this is the only safe way of enjoying the precious emoluments of double fees.

Never throw up your brief, though the cause be ever so foul—unless you do it by way of giving yourself an air of consequence, as being engaged in a more important case, or overwhelmed with the hurry of business.

Be as indolent, and as superficial, as a physician of the first repute—instead of going to the bottom of your client's cause—but pretend, at the same time, that you have thoroughly discussed and prepared it—though you have hardly looked further than the endorsements of the papers.

Omit no article that may be productive of quibbles and delays in the suit—for the attorney must have his share of the client; and every wise physician takes care to provide for the apothecary, by the same rule, a skilful councillor will support his Jackall, the attorney.

If an indigent client applies to you, with only the naked merits of a good cause to recommend him—tell him it is statute law—that want of money ought, of course, to be want of remedy.

Never draw up any instrument, no not your own will, without some flaw in it—for it would be high treason against the profession, to make it perfect, and not liable to any contest.

Let your conversation abound much in contradiction, and start arguments on every subject. This combating the opinions of private persons in company, however disagreeable it may make you to them, will be highly serviceable by keeping your talent for wrangling at the bar in practice.

Quarrels between MARRIED and UNMARRIED PEOPLE distinguished.

QUARRELS between lovers are tenderly melancholy: they melt but not wound the heart: the deepest scatches they give seem only made with the sharpest point of Cupid's feathered arrows, for which a few kind words, or a gentle smile are a balm, and the cure is immediate. When lovers storm, it is like the soft southern breezes, which a shower of heart-easing tears allay; but matrimonial anger is blasting as the East, and boisterous as Boreas when he rages highest. Tears only increase the storm, as another way in which it shews itself; the impression it leaves behind may be compared to the rankling wounds made by the Indians poisoned arrows, which fester and corrode, till they become fatal to the last remains of affection, destroying its very existence.

PEOPLE of both sexes, and of all ages, are very apt to launch out in praise of sincerity; but surely their encomiums are very absurdly bestowed upon that impertinent virtue.—There would, unquestionably, be a great deal more unhappiness in the world than there is at present, were we to *spea*k what we *think* upon every subject, and upon every occasion. How many more *duels* would be fought by the gentlemen, and how many caps would be pulled by the ladies of the creation, if their lips were never at variance with their hearts! What *bella, horrida bella* would be stirred up in all public assemblies, if every person in the place would speak the truth, and nothing but the truth! In public and in private life, indeed, the advantages of insincerity are so considerable, that the slightest exclamation the faintest whisper against it is to be marvelled at. By the *flattery*—another word for *falsehood*—of those with whom we associate, we appear of *consequence* in our own eyes; and the more *insincere* our friends and acquaintance are, the greater is the happiness which we feel.—How cruelly disappointed should we, most probably, find ourselves, did we know what actually passed in their minds concerning us!

In general, whether in town or country, an Apothecary in good practice is the archetype of his great funnel. Whatever he receives from one vessel, he delivers, a little filtered, into another; and, though he has hardly any thing in himself, by frequent using he gets a smack and flavour of whatever was poured through him last, and retains it till it is washed out by something else. They differ only in two respects. *First*, The funnel receives in large quantities, and pours out by degrees; whereas the Apothecary receives by degrees, and pours out by wholesale. *Secondly*, The funnel can only pour out what it receives, and sometimes not so much; now the apothecary pours out not only all that was poured in, but frequently a great deal more.

There is, and, no doubt, always has been, a great number of shallow pated people, who, seeing the tribute of applause that never fails to be paid to *true wit and humour*, are likewise willing to have their share of it, but not being blest with the lawful means, *wit*, a lively fancy and a sound judgment, employ such means as nature has bestowed upon them.—Some of these facetious gentlemen will lay joint-stools in the way of their companions, pin the skirts of their coats to the table-cloth, archly slip away their chairs from under them, and have recourse to numberless other conceits from which a monkey alone could claim any merit. These shin-breaking, cloaths-pinching, chair-withdrawing wits, however, are Chesterfields, compared to another sort of idiotical vermin, who, to be thought witty, will deceive you by a direct lie, or keep you a considerable time in suspense by an ambiguity, and then laugh and tell you it *was a joke*. The consequence of this pitiful practice is deplorable; for by its frequency, not only the language is corrupted by the misapplication of words, but that innocence, confidence, and security, which constitute the great pleasure and dignity of conversation among people of liberal minds, is often hurt and confounded. How often do we hear even men of tolerable breeding ask one another, “*Are you in jest or in serious?*” that is, *Do you lie or speak truth?* and yet, by the commonness of this sort of jesting, they do not incur the resentment that would follow the question properly expressed.

WATTS's HYMNS and PSALMS,
May be had at this Printing Office.

A Prince having asked his physician, “how much daily food was required to support the body and keep up its strength?” the physician replied, “that one pound was enough, such a measure being very well capable of supporting him, and should he take more, he must support it.”

If an ignorant person perceives in himself one virtue, he thinks he has a hundred; and if he has otherways a thousand faults, he sees none of them; but when he observes one defect in an excellent person, he imagines he has a thousand.

He alone is worthy the esteem of mankind, who has a beautiful soul like a diamond, obscured by no speck.

Do not serve that which understands not, nor sees not, nor what brings you no profit: it is astonishing that men of this world pay their court to creatures, and forsake their Creator; they forget to ask of him who is rich, and they endeavor to be assisted by those who are themselves under a necessity of begging.

He that thinks to content his desires by the possession of what he wishes for, is like him who puts out fire with straw.

As long as old age shall succeed to youth, and the earth turn round the sun, be old in council and young in fortune, so that both old and young may seek to serve you.

A man who dresses himself beyond his condition, is like those who put vermilion on their cheeks whilst an ulcer devours them.

Dress is more proper for the ladies than for men of courage.

A Khaliff, visiting his treasures with one of his courtiers, found a cistern of gold and silver, and said to him, “God grant that I may live long enough to employ this money.” The courtier hearing these words smiled; and the Khaliff asking him the reason thereof, he replied, “I remember, my lord, that accompanying your predecessor, the Khaliff Nasser Abdula, to this place, there was wanting six feet to fill the cistern; and he said, would to God I might live to finish the filling it up. It is therefore this difference of sentiment that has excited my smiles; when I consider, that Abdula thought of nothing but filling you, Sir, but of emptying it.”

MAXIMS and REFLECTIONS recommended to the CONSIDERATION of the LADIES.

I. **W**HAT pity it is, that instead of adorning an unamiable outside, (which is, in only fighting up its defects) those ladies whose sole pleasure is conquest, frequently disregard the culture of their understandings, the improvement of their tempers! Good-nature can soften the most rugged set of features, and what heart may not be won by intellectual accomplishments?

II. Would women but properly exert themselves, they might be secure from the grossest affronts, (except with professed villains) but it is a notorious, though very indelicate practice, for a lady one day to resent the daring proposal, and the next to accept of the offender for her husband; whilst the vain-glory of having fought conceals the ignominy of having been attacked from the conqueror's observation.

III. The woman who gives up her chastity, feels her whole soul in a short time contaminated, and ceases to shudder at the commission of the most flagrant crime. Has not even murder been the consequence of each of chastity? Nay, to the eternal reproach of the sex, has not the fallen wretch become the diabolical instrument of trepanning the unwary, the artless, and the virtuous, though they have borne the outward resemblance of herself.

it is to humanity, where the name of *ambition* has been heard, may be accounted for; but the unnatural practice in question, how shall we account for it?

Foreign Intelligence.

L O N D O N, July 17.
Extract of a letter from Stamford, June 27.

“The following most horrid transaction came to light a few days since: One Walther, who kept a public house, at James-Deeping, in this county, being on his death-bed, told his apothecary, that something lay on his mind that he could not die easy till made known. The gentleman desired him to divulge it; he then declared that about fifteen years since, his house-keeper being with child by him, he mixed up a bowl of poison, which he obliged her to take, or he would have cut her throat. The unhappy woman languished about two days and expired in great agonies, never giving the least hint of what the diabolical villain had done to destroy her.”

We are favoured with the following account of mutiny in the fort of Offoor, belonging to Tipoo Sultan; and situated near Bangalore. The fort was garrisoned by a body of troops known by the name of Chaylabs. These are the young captives taken by the Musselmens in their barbarous wars, driven from their own country, and forced by the cruel policy of their conquerors at once into their religion and service. They are seduced however into a sort of a willing submission, by particular indulgencies and privileges. Among others, the grand temptation of the Mahomitan religion is not forgotten. The most beautiful women are not wanting to solace the servitude of the Chaylabs.—Unfortunately the fame of some eminent beauties of Circassia, within the walls of Offoor, reached the ears of the tyrant Sultan. He issued his mandate, to bring by force the female victims to his palace. When the order was communicated to the garrison, instantly to surrender the women, they on the instant resolved to disobey and stand on their defence. They seized on the officer who gave the order, and put themselves in possession of the fort, and enjoyed, with every possible rejoicing, their momentary triumph:—Alas! of too short duration. The troops of the Sircar appeared, and soon overpowered by numbers of the unfortunate garrison; who, conquered, however, in effect, and snatched in death the object of the victory from the tyrant—sacrificing the women with themselves in one common ruin.

A letter from Havre de Grace, by the last mail says, “We are all at present in the utmost confusion here. Two regiments this morning laid down their arms, when the magistrates interfered, and a great scuffle ensued, by which the chief magistrate and seven men were killed on the spot, where this will end no body knows. At Bretagne they are equally riotous, inasmuch that many of the inhabitants have left the town.”

R O S E A U, (Dominica) August 20.

On Thursday last, early in the day, the weather began to wear a very threatening aspect; at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon came on a very heavy shower of rain, which was succeeded by flying drifts, when the wind began to blow with much violence from the north west, shifted round to the south west, and presently came in gusts from all quarters of the compass, and continued with great violence till 11 o'clock at night, the latter part chiefly from the west ward, the sea rose to a great height, beating with great violence against most

The ship *Jenny*, signed to Messrs. Brades and Co. fortunately got under way about 9 o'clock at night, and stood to sea; a condemned brig, belonging to Stephen Breves, Esq. was driven on shore; but fortunately little other damage was done in town, except to goods in several of the cellars, which were instantly filled with water.

We have already received some melancholy accounts from the country: All the provisions destroyed, the canes, coffee, &c. much injured. We are informed that the dwelling house of Thomas Ankettell, Esq. on his estate on the heights of Souffriere has been entirely blown away, not a vestige to be seen; the barrack at Gacheron, we are informed; are also destroyed: in short this recent misfortune added to the already distressed state of the colony, casts a gloom upon its citizens and planters, which the beams of hope would vainly dissipate, and adds a new claim to the fostering attention of the parent state.

American Intelligence.

We hear, that lately a new dwelling house, almost complete, was consumed by fire in Cape Ann, belonging to Mr. David Knights, then absent on the banks. His known character, as peaceable and industrious, moved the social feelings of his townsmen; and to the honor of Col. Wm. Pierce, (who generously undertook the subscription), he, with that avidity which he generally discovers when a favourite object is in view, and his fellow creatures to be benefited, not only used his influence but his purse, and in a fortnight had the building nearly as complete as it was before. When Mr. Knights came home, and was informed of what had been transacted, the big tear of gratitude stopped utterance—his silence spoke more than language can express. The poor man is now happy!—God reward the charitable!

CHARLESTON, Sept. 1.

Friday afternoon arrived the brig Nancy Smith, Captain Cole, in 38 days from Cadiz, by whom we have the following information: That ten days previous to his departure, a Spanish fleet of 6 sail of the line, three frigates, of 36 guns, three brigs of 14, and a cutter of 12, all copper-bottomed had sailed up the streights, but their destination was unknown—That a French squadron had blocked up the port of Algiers, the cause of which he did not learn—That the disturbance between the British and the Moors had been amicably settled—That a fleet of ten Portuguese men of war, were stationed off the mouth of the Streights.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 27.

We hear from Lenox, Berkshire county, state of Massachusetts, that about a fortnight since, one Bishop, a Frenchman, and late a shalving quaker, 55 years of age, received 25 stripes, well applied, for an assault on a virtuous girl, about twelve years of age.

On Sunday the 25th inst. arrived at Boston, Capt. Lumbrad, in 24 days from Cape Francois, informs, that letters were received there from some merchants in Port-au-Prince, giving an account of a hurricane which happened there the 6th of last month, in which fifty sail of shipping were destroyed, amongst which were seven American vessels; 360 seamen perished at the same time, and half of the town was destroyed, as was also the whole of St. Marks.

Capt. Phillips, in a sloop from Boston, is arrived at St. Eustacia. He was blown out from Martinico, and on his passage down fell in with a ship and a brig dismantled.

The brig William, Capt. Harrison, from this port to Liverpool, was late arrived.

The ship Felix, Capt. Boudin, arrived in the West-Indies the 10th ult. and was well the 25th.

Captain Thomas Read, in the ship Alliance, bound to China, sailed from Philadelphia in the month of June, 1787. and arrived at Canton the 22d day of December in the same year, having navigated on a rout as yet unpractised by any other ship. Taking soundings off the Cape of Good Hope, he steered to the south eastward encircling all the eastern and southern Islands of the Indian Ocean, passing the south cape of New Holland; and on their passage to the northward again towards Canton, between the latitude of 7 and 4 degrees south, and between the longitude of 156 and 262 degrees East, they discovered a number of Islands, the inhabitants of which were black, with curly or wooly hair: among these Islands they had no soundings. And about the latitude of 8 degrees north, and in the longitude of 160 degrees east, they discovered two other Islands, inhabited by a brown people, with straight black hair. These Islands appeared to be very fertile, and much cultivated; and by the behaviour of the inhabitants the ships company were induced to believe they were the first discoverers—One of them was named Morris Island, the other Alliance Island. They did not land on any of them. These discoveries were made in the month of November.

The officers of the European ships in China were astonished to find a vessel arriving at that season of the year, and with eagerness and pleasure examined the tract of their voyage.

In coasting near New Holland, they had the winds generally from S. W. and blowing strong, with a great deal of rain.

They finished their voyage by arriving again at Philadelphia on the 17th of September 1788, having returned by the usual rout of the European ships, until they were in the Atlantic Ocean.

By a respectable gentleman of Baltimore, just arrived in the brig Trident, at that place from Port-au-Prince, we have received the following very melancholy intelligence:—That on the 16th of August, a few days before he set sail, the sun rose with some clouds of rain, and there was no expectation of any tragical consequences; but about seven o'clock the wind rose very high, to such a degree, that about 9 o'clock they experienced a most dreadful hurricane, which threatened all the inhabitants both in town & country, with great loss. Very few vessels in the harbour escaped without damage; some lost their masts, others were overset, and many of them drove ashore. The loss amongst the French vessels was very great but at present we shall only give a list of those belonging to the United States, as far as we know, on the departure of the above gentleman.

The brig Mermaid, Mackey, of Boston, drove ashore, but got off again—The brig Hero, Turner, Norfolk, Virginia, sunk—Brig Betsey Tucker, Gloucester, lost both her masts and drove ashore—Brig —, Jones, Casco-Bay, drove ashore in two feet water—Brig Betsey, Newbury, drove to sea:—sloop —, Todd, Portsmouth, ditto, ditto; and not known what became of them—Sloop Flora, Handle Philadelphia, drove to sea and lost with all the crew, except the Captain who was on shore—Brig —, Goodhue, drove ashore two miles from the Harbour; many others have suffered the same fate, the particulars of which are not yet known.

It is somewhat difficult to give a perfect description of the consternation of the inhabitants, when they saw, by the violence of the hurricane, the tops of their houses carried away, and many of them laid even with the ground—those who had

the good fortune to have their houses saved had them filled with rain, which the storm blew in from all quarters. A great part of the coffee trees were blown out of the ground; the sugar fields equally suffered; and many articles necessary for the subsistence of the slaves were lost. In Heogone no vessel was able to keep in the harbour, and it is not known what became of them. The sea coast presents a most gloomy prospect, being covered with drowned people.

Married, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Bache, Monsieur ANTOINE VILLETTE DE MARCELLEINE, to Miss CATHERINE ACKLEY, (of this city) a young lady every way qualified to render the marriage state a perfect Eden.

ARRIVAL S. *from our last.*

Brig Minerva Hall, St. Croix. Snow Bonama, de Carvelho, Oporto. Schooner Salt River Pack-er, Wifham, St. Croix. Sloops Amy, Jones, Curraoa; Two Cousins, Jenkins, Norfolk; Betsey, Peters, Demarara; General Green, Godfrey, Rhode-Island; Lady Hayley, Tillinghast, ditto. Peggy, Cahoon, do. George, Hicks, St. Bartholomew; Sally, Lacy, Shelburne. Brigs, Betsey, March, Medeira; Fame, Trowbridge, St. Croix; Mary, Gready, Cowes. Ship Anne, Stevens, Bristol. Snow Lady Strange, Post, Lisbon. Sloop Fanny, Hastie, St. Croix.

To Miss J——y L——r.

Subtle Fox, the story goes,
It matters not in verse or prose,
Enter'd by chance a carvers shop,
He saw a head—and made a stop,
Alas, said he (with sly grimace)
Thou hast a very pretty face,
But faith 'tis pity that such pains
At last should leave you void of brains.

So lovely JENNY 'tis with you,
Your face is pretty, very true,
But after all such mighty pains,
Pray tell me, JENNY where's your brains.
Sept. 26, 1788. LEANDER.

Doct. ST. MARTIN,

No. 13, Water-street,
Lately arrived in this city,

HAS the honor to inform the public that he makes an INCOMPARABLE ELIXIR, very necessary to be kept in all families. This Elixir is exceedingly useful in curing most of the diseases to which the human body is subject.

Kills the worms in children; cures the intermitting, remitting and most of other fevers; is one of the best preparatives for the small pox. This Elixir is highly serviceable, and a great preservative, to the female sex, from the age of 14 to 40 and 50 years, in complaints incident to their sex.

Also a PURGATIVE CAKE.

One of the best purges in the world for children, or any person difficult to take medicine, its taste is very pleasant, and its operation mild and safe.

VENEREAL DISEASE.

The Doctor has one of the most effectual remedies ever yet discovered for the cure of the Venereal Disease, which he procured from the Indians, and therefore entirely free from any mercurial preparation whatever.

Those persons who may please to honor the Doctor with their commands, may depend that nothing, in his power, shall be wanting to give entire satisfaction.

Those persons who are not able to work, nor capable to pay, will be attended gratis,
New-York, September 27, 1788.

Poet's Corner.

LYCIDAS: A poetical TALE.

TWAS : the time when solitary eve
Spreads her gay robe, as o'er the lilly'd
vale

Stray'd my lone steps to a sequester'd shade,
Immur'd with rustling boughs, I mark'd a swain
Stole pensively along; his hoary head
Was silver'd o'er by age; his bending hand
Lean'd on the propping staff; o'er his wan cheeks
(Shrunk by slow-stealing time) corroding care
Had cast her deep'ning furrows, whence the tear
Rill'd softly down; and from his lab'ring breast
The sighs of woe burst in repeated moans.

Compassion thrill'd my frame; I urg'd my way,
And hail'd the rev'rend mourner—Now discourse
Ensu'd on either side; while all his pangs
I felt, as thus he told his pious tale

“My name is Lycidas; in yonder cot,
Hedg'd round with spreading shrubs, my wife and I
Late had our bliss abode. We had one son,
Pride of his age—whose willing hand sustain'd
his feeble parents; for he gave his thoughts
To crown our heads with joy, and all our cares
Smooth'd, soft'n'd and allay'd. The flush of health
Crimson'd his mellow cheek, and genial joy
Beam'd in his eye; with a superior mein
He trod amid the swains, while heart-felt peace
Adorn'd each feature. Oh! to scan the traits
Of former scenes—fled like a fleeting dream
Ne'er to return—what, and how vast the pang!

“A nymph, the fairest of the rural throng,
Engag'd his heart, nor did he woo in vain
The blooming virgin; and th' appointed day
Had near arriv'd to crown their tender loves.

Who to themselves shall promise living joys?
None but the fools—We thought of circling bliss
In future periods—active Faery saw
Their little prattlers grasp our trembling knees,
Hang o'er our words with rapture, and repay
Our fondness with their smiles—but oh! how vain,
How transient are our wishes! This day gives
Joys unexpected; and returning dawn
Crowds on its mighty woes.

“One fatal eve
My son, as wont, drove his accustomed charge
To tweed's pure current. Limpid was the stream,
And all serene the sky: the setting sun
Stoop'd from the crimson'd cloud, and pour'd his
beams

Fall on the amber pool; the crystal stream,
Rest'ing back the rays unto his eye,
Disclos'd its pebbled bed; the vocal choir
Melodious thrilling thro' the quiv'ring trees,
Cheer'd all around; e'en nature's self conspir'd
To please and tempt him in the cooling stream
To bathe his wearied limbs—Lur'd by the scene,
He plung'd amid the wave, and sail'd awhile
Triumphant o'er its surface, till at once
Red rush'd the river down, and o'er the plains
Spread desolation. Thrice his neck's warm
Repell'd the swelling surge, and thrice the tide
Broke o'er him: snatch'd at once from life, from
joy,

His much lov'd parents, and his eager hopes,
He sunk precipitate, till rous'd again
By Death's dread struggles (for the angry flood
Gush'd from his nostrils, and his heart beat thick
Within his pent up chest) he gasp'd for breath,
And made a faint essay: casting his eyes
O'er the extending deluge to the plain,
In silent agony, he gaz'd for aid;

Alas! how vain! for no relief was near.

Ye fathers, who have felt the throbs of woe
For a beloved son, O pity me,
While I relate, that from a distant mount
I saw afar his ruin. Swift as the wind
I left the clift, and hast'ning on to save
My fondling from the stream, met greater woe:
His aged mother, and his beauteous bride,
Unknown to me, had climb'd a rising hill
To view the rolling deluge; when at once
A breaking wave unto their eyes disclos'd
A bulky object, whirling round and round
With the tempestuous billows, till at last
They dash'd it on the shore. Both stooping down
To eye it nearer, started with amaze
To view their darling's corpse; aghast they look'd
At other speechless, while convulsions shook
Their quiv'ring frames, and with a hollow shriek
They downward fell, and mix'd the frothy stream.”

O ye whose tender bosoms pity thrills,
Shed soft'n'd anguish; ye who feel the hand
Of ruthless want, bereav'd of all ye lov'd,
Give me the feeling tear, and guide your steps
To yonder lonely vale, where their lov'd dust
Adds to the mould'ring ruins. Oft at the eve
I spread my way, and wet the peaceful graves
With tears of poignant pain. For now to earn
A small subsistence, these weak, feeble hands
Manure and rugged glebe; and my grey hairs
Sink to the dust with anguish, pain and woe.”

THE MORALIST.

GOOD and EVIL.

THE notices of good and evil are so fairly im-
printed on our nature, and the practice of
them is so strongly guarded by consequent hope and
fear, that no conscience is so hardened, as to sin
without the shelter of some pretence. The guilty hus-
band, with such soft whispers as these; either
Heaven takes not such cognizance of our actions; or
is not so much concerned as some imagine; or its mer-
cy will not suffer it to be just; or its justice will not
suffer it to be so severe as to punish temporal guilt
with eternal pain: all which are corruptions of the
faith. Or if these opiates will not do, they proceed
to renounce the faith. They give themselves a quiet-
ing draught of absolute unbelief: a Deity is a dream,
and religion is a cheat. And thus they throw off
their fears, their God, and common sense together;
and are deplorably gay, till they are irremediably
undone.

THOUGHTS ON PRUDERY.

PRUDERY is an indisputable proof of a de-
fect of sense. It never succeeds in its at-
tempt to impose. The conduct of a prude, who
is considered as a hypocrite by the men, as a hy-
pocrite and spy, at the same time by her own sex,
is inspected with double keenness on the least failure
Both are provoked to sharper reproaches. If in
an ungarded moment she makes a false step, the
triumph over her is universal. The world never for-
gets a miscarriage which was preceded by preten-
tions to superior sanctity. In any case a prude is a
disagreeable creature whom none can love, whom
most will shun. How just are the words of an ele-
gant writer on this subject!

“Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without all beauty, and peace within;
The honor of a prude is rage and storm:
’Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.”

Such a woman, growing old in the single state,
will at once be regarded with hatred and con-
tempt.

AN EPIQUE OF MIRZA, wife of ARTOFF,
of Cochinchina.

THE beauteous Cochinchinese Mirza, sur-
mounting the weakness of her sex, the ef-
feminacy and prejudice of her education, assumed
the dress of an officer of the volunteers, and pre-
sented herself to her husband. It is no common
thing for a young lady bred in the middle of a
court, and in the midst of seraglio, to be acquaint-
ed with the art and stratagems of war; but love
teaches more than a regular education. Mirza
therefore chang'd the colour of her eyebrows by
art, and in her disguise fought at the side of her
husband, eat at his table and conversed with him
with the greatest familiarity, without being known
to him. She had assumed the name of Rolieckan,
and Artoff knew not that his young acquaintance
was his own wife, but in the very moment when
the heroine, receiving a wound from the enemy,
fainted in his arms. Mirza seemed to be dead,
but being revived by the tears and caresses of Ar-
toff, she at last opened her eyes. Her soul seemed
to be transfixed in her languishing looks. The
effect they had upon her husband are not to be ex-
pressed.—“Ah! Mirza! cruel Mirza!” said he,
“thy wound is fatal to me.”—The excess of his
grief stifled his words. He was distracted! The
blood which he saw trickling down freez'd that in
his veins. The tender Mirza pressed him in her
arms, consoled him in the following words:

“Dear Artoff,” said she, “my dearest Artoff,
my wound is not mortal: dissipate thy fears, I con-
jure you—If I must die of it, believe I shall little
regret those days which have not been employed
in shewing you the excess of my passion. When
absent from you I should endure a thousand times
more than when present. My alarms when encir-
cled by my slaves, surpassed by far the dangers which
I have encountered this day. Death can come but
once—on the other hand I should have experienced
all its horrors every moment; I apprehended I
should see thee no more. This is my apology!
canst thou not forgive a love trembling for thy safe-
ty and the innocent cause of my metamorphosis?
The wound of Mirza was soon healed, and the
loving pair lived together in the enjoyment of their
glory and reciprocal love.

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